

THE DAYSPRING.

"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."

OLD SERIES. }
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A HAPPY NEW YEAR FROM A NEW EDITOR.

LAST year the "Dayspring" was faithfully and pleasantly edited by Miss Elizabeth P. Channing. This year it will be edited by the Secretary of the Unitarian Sunday-school Society. He wishes all his readers a Happy New Year, and promises to do his best to add a little to their happiness, by making the "Dayspring" an attractive paper.

But this little monthly visitor will be but one of the sources of your happiness. Most of you will glance at its pictures, read it for an hour, it may be, and then lay it aside, not to be taken up again for a long time,—perhaps never. You will be made happy by your minister, your teachers, your playmates, and your parents, more than we can possibly make you by any thing we can say or get others to say in these pages.

While we hope that the "Dayspring" will afford you happiness, and that many other things will afford you more happiness than this; we hope most of all that you will live in a way that will make you happy. We do not mean that we want you to keep thinking how you can be happy, and trying to do something to make you happy. This is just what we do not want you to do. We want you to do good, and be good, and let happiness come of itself. Our happiness depends on what we think and say and do, a great deal more than on what others say to us or do for us. When we wish you a Happy New Year, then, we wish that you may think good thoughts, speak good words, and do good acts all through the year, more than we do that other folks may try to make every thing pleasant for you.

THE DOLLS' FAIR.

A LITTLE before Christmas, as we were walking through Beacon Street, we saw that Freeman Place was finely decorated with flags, and that an arch extended over the entrance, on which were the words, "The Dolls' Fair." We wondered what a dolls' fair could be. We had heard of ladies' fairs, and children's fairs, and many other kinds of fairs; but never before had we heard of a dolls' fair. Could it be that the dolls of Boston had taken it into their heads to get up a fair? If so, what wonderful little creatures they must be! What were they going to do with the money they might make? Would they give it to the Children's Mission, or the Children's Hospital; or did they want to get up a hospital for the sick and neglected dolls, of which there are so many in the city? We wondered and wondered what the dolls' fair could be, and what it could be for. We thought that we would go and see, the first chance we had. The next day we found, in the first letter we opened on going to our office, some tickets to the dolls' fair. How glad we were! Now we would go sure.

The next day we went. As we passed through Freeman Place, we wondered whether, as we entered the chapel where the fair was going on, a bewitching little doll would greet us with the words, "Ticket, sir, if you please." We wondered if, as soon as we had passed in, another winning little creature would come up to us with, "Please, sir, take a ticket in this ring cake: only ten cents." We wondered if, as soon as we had put a ten-cent piece into her tiny hand, another cunning little thing would politely inform us that there was a letter for us in the post-office; and if, when we stepped to the

post-office window and called for our letter, a pretty little doll would say, in a sweet voice, "Five cents, sir, please."

By this time we had entered the chapel, and were going up the stairs. We saw that no doll stood ready to take our ticket, but a man. In a moment more we saw that the fair was not managed by dolls, but mostly by ladies; and that the dolls, of which there were many in the room, took no active part. They stood or sat on the tables as still as any dolls we ever saw. We were not much disappointed; for, to tell the truth, we had hardly thought it possible that the dolls of Boston, smart and cunning as they are, were holding a fair. We looked at them for some time. There were large dolls and small dolls; there were girl dolls and boy dolls and baby dolls; there were white dolls and black dolls; there were handsome china dolls and homely rag babies. We found that some of them belonged in the city, while some had come from Maine, some from New York, some from Alabama, some from Illinois, and some all the way from Washington Territory. There were more than three hundred of them; and they were from every part of the United States. We saw that they had been made with care, and that for some of them prizes had been awarded. We asked one of the ladies in attendance Who got up this exhibition of dolls, and what it was for? She told us that, some time before, the publishers of the little magazine called "The Wide Awake" had invited the children of the United States to make or dress dolls for Christmas presents to the children in the hospitals. They were promised that the dolls should be exhibited in Boston the week before Christmas, and prizes given for those whose clothes were the best made; and that they should then be sent

to cheer the hearts of these poor sick children.

We looked at the dolls again. We thought how many little misses had been at work on them, trying to do their best, and how many unfortunate children their labors would gladden. We wished that many thousands of children could be induced to engage in something of the kind.

We hope that the publishers of "The Wide Awake" will get up a dolls' fair every year; for such little devices teach children to be industrious, ingenious, painstaking, sympathetic, and benevolent. We hope, too, that the readers of the "Day-spring" will think how many ways there are in which they can do good to those not so well off as themselves. There are many poor, sick children who need to be cheered and helped; and they can do much to cheer and help them. They can hold little sewing-circles, and make garments for them. They can get up little fairs, and raise money for them. They can save a few cents each month to make them little presents. They can go and see them, and say a few kind words to them. Any of these things will be as good as sending a doll to the dolls' fair.

THE FIRST SNOW.

LOOK carefully at the picture on the first page. It is winter. The snow is falling fast, and in large flakes. Mrs. Fanton and her little four-year-old daughter, named May, are on the piazza of their house. The little girl is standing on a seat, watching the snow, and her mother has hold of her, lest she should fall. How pleased she is to see the great

white flakes come down ! It is the first snow of the season ; and, when she looked out and saw it, she thought that the air was full of bits of cotton-wool, and that they were all scrambling to see which would get down first. Her mother told her that it was not cotton-wool that was coming down, but snow. She asked her mother if she could not go out of doors and run around in it, and let it come down on her. Her mother told her that snow was very cold, and that she would catch a cold if she went out and played in it ; but that she would take her out on the piazza, where she could watch it, and catch some of the flakes in her hand. Then she was pleased enough. She has been standing on the seat for some time, and will not get tired of it for some time longer.

Little May has many things to learn about snow. Pretty soon she will see boys and girls having a nice time, sliding down the little hill which you see near the house. She will look at them through the windows, and be as much pleased as they. When it stops snowing, and the sun comes out, her father will come to the door, with the horse and sleigh ; and mother and little daughter will get in, and all three will have a fine sleigh-ride. The bells will jingle merrily, and dog

Rover, skipping along, sometimes in front, sometimes behind, and sometimes on one side, will enjoy it as much as any of them.

When little May is a few years older, she will learn that the tops of the highest mountains are always covered with snow ; and that in those parts of the earth near the poles snow lies on the ground all the year round. When she goes to the High School, she will learn that snow-flakes are not so much alike as they seem to be, but have a great many strange forms. Perhaps, before that time, her mother or some one else will show her what curious-looking things they are when seen through a microscope. We hope that, as she learns how useful the snow is, and how much happiness it affords folks, and what wonderful things the snow-flakes are, she will be grateful to God, who sends the snow.

Have you noticed the face of Mrs. Fanton ? She is not watching the snow, but her little daughter. She does not care half so much about the snow as about her. It is her greatest pleasure to have her pleased. She lives in a fine house, which we should like to show you, if the pages of the "Dayspring" were only larger. Her house is nicely furnished, and we wish that you could go through it some day,

and see how rich the carpets and curtains and all the rest of the things are. She has a great many fine clothes. You see what a pretty cloak she has on, all trimmed with fur. But these things are not half so dear to her as something else. She thinks more of her child than of any thing else in the world; so does every mother. We hope that all our young readers will remember this, and always love and obey their mothers.

WHAT THE MAPLES SAID TO THE EVERGREENS.

BY NATHANIEL SEAVER, JR.

A ROW of scarlet maple-trees once found themselves growing at the edge of a field, near a forest of pines, hemlocks, and firs. How they came there they did not know: but that did not matter; they were as proud as if they owned the country, for they were very shapely. When the light wind played in their branches, they rattled their leaves, which was their way of clapping hands; and any one who understood tree-talk could have heard them making sport of their dark green neighbors in the forest.

"Bah! why can't you cheer up? Your constant droning is enough to give us the blues. You sigh and wheeze day and night, like a parcel of old windmills. Do, please, rattle your leaves a little, if only for a change!"

"Leaves!" cried another; "do you call those things leaves? They look like bristles, or green pins and needles. You might as well try to rattle a pin-cushion or a

paint-brush. No wonder the forest is gloomy as a dungeon!"

Then a third would break in: "I could endure their moaning and their gloom, if they bore any fruit fit to eat, or which could fly through the air like our light-winged maple-seeds."

Thus the maples clattered and chattered all summer, for they had nothing else to do; and, although they doubtless thought themselves very witty, the evergreen forest-trees gave no heed to their taunts. They only whispered among themselves, and made no reply.

October came at last, with its biting winds, and some of the maples began to wish they could creep into the forest and keep warm; but they were ashamed to confess it. They rattled their leaves louder than ever: but any one understanding tree-talk would have said, that the noise would have been the chattering of teeth, if they had had teeth; and the great commotion in the branches would have been shivering, if they had had flesh and bones. Meanwhile, the dark green forest kept on murmuring, just as it had done all summer, only somewhat louder.

The weather grew colder. It was plain that the maples were now turning pale; but they kept up a show of gayety. At last came a heavy rain, followed by a still, cold night, which sprinkled the maple-leaves with millions of ice-crystals that pricked like needles. The maples were in great pain. "Why, oh! why, Jack Frost, are you biting and pinching us so cruelly?" they whimpered.

"Nonsense!" he answered; "it's nothing when you get used to it. I've taken a big contract to color your leaves, and I have to stir up my paint with an iceberg, and lay it on with a wisp of the Northern Lights."

Then the heartless rogue began to sing, "We won't go home till morning;" and the maples soon found that he meant it.

When the sun had at last driven him away, you should have seen those maples, all clothed in rich hues of scarlet, orange, and crimson! All their old impudence returned at once, and they boasted and taunted the sober old forest-trees more impudently than ever. During the day, a band of children came and gathered some of the colored leaves for autumn decorations, while the maples waved their branches, and called out to the evergreens in tree-talk: "Look here, old dullards! See our rosy-cheeked visitors! Beauty seeks beauty. Your visitors, if you ever have any, will be old scarecrows."

So it went on for a week or two; but time, which alters all things, soon brought changes to the maples which silenced their boasting. All of their gaudy leaves fell to the ground, and were blown away. Snow covered the fields, and icicles clung to the naked maple twigs. Of all the trees of forest and plain, the evergreens alone remained unharmed. The snow only made them look beautiful. It was the merry Christmas time, and the world of mankind called upon the pines, firs, and hemlocks, to aid in the rejoicing. Many a joyful band came to the woods; but, of the whole number, only two, a man and a child, took any notice of the maples.

"What ugly, dead sticks these are!" said the child; and the horrified maples would have stopped their ears with their fingers, if they had had ears and fingers.

"They are not dead," said the man: "but they might as well be; for they bear nothing but leaves, except a small seed that is so bitter that even worms do not like it."

"What fruit do the evergreen trees in the forest bear?"

"They bear cones, which are opened by the frost, and the hungry little birds are fed by them when other food is covered with snow."

"Are they good for any thing else?"

"Yes: they sing songs in whispers, that sound like the rustling of angels' wings; they seem to be filled with the peace of God, which passes understanding; they break the force of fierce winds, and shelter thousands of God's poor, innocent, defenceless creatures; they are most beautiful when other beauty has departed; and now they are giving us their branches to gladden the holy Christmas time, to teach of a life which can survive death and chill, and to quicken the springs of human faith and patience."

The man and the child walked away, leaving the maples to ponder all winter over the question whether usefulness and humility are not better than pride and display; but the story goes that the maples, like many silly people in this world, were no wiser or better behaved the next summer.

BIRDIE GOING TO BED.

BY HANNAH MORE JOHNSON.

OUR Birdie has had the busiest day,—
How tired the dear little girl must be!
Sometimes with Charlie and Rover at play,
Where John and the boys are raking hay;
Then housekeeping under the maple-tree,
With her little neighbors across the way,
And their nineteen dollies for company.

Six times they've taken those dolls to ride;
Two of them married, and one of them died.
A kitten was lost from the wheelbarrow's deck,
When that wonderful steamboat went to wreck;
And the shopping and nursing and cooking they've
done
Would tire any housekeeper under the sun.

Now, I think, if she hadn't such sleepy eyes,
Our Birdie would see there's a star in the skies:

A brave little star, who held up his light
 As soon as the sun had said good night.
 And he's winking at Birdie with all his might,
 As much as to say, "Don't you think it is best
 For such tired little birds to get into their nest?"

O wise little star, don't let Birdie hear,
 Only whisper it softly in mamma's ear:
 Who is it that's sleepy? Is it this poor doll?
 She's just slept for a week on the garden wall,
 And Birdie, who's leaning upon my knee,
 Says she isn't tired or sleepy at all;
 Only Charlie, — and here, with a gathering frown,
 The tearful face on my shoulder went down, —
 Only Charlie was naughty, and gave her a fall,
 And Rover, bad Rover, ran off with her ball,
 And the kitties, who came to her house to tea,
 Wouldn't sit at the table like company;
 And, oh, such a trouble sometimes she's had!
 I should think the dear little girl would be glad
 To listen to mamma's evening call, —
 But then she's not tired or sleepy at all!

Then what did the star mean when he said
 'Twas somebody's time to get into bed?
 It must be those robins that overhead
 Are singing their little bird babies to sleep;
 Shall we go to the window and take a peep
 In the nest where they live in the maple-tree?
 So a soft little hand is slipped in mine,
 And we climb the stairs so wearily,
 And we look through the leaves till we see the shine
 Of two bright eyes that have spied us there.
 Go on, little robin, go on and sing,
 We haven't had time before to spare;
 And now Birdie and I are listening,
 From our pleasant seat in the easy-chair.

But while we were talking so soft and low,
 So papa robin wouldn't hear, you know,
 The dress and the apron began to go
 Down from the shoulders and over the knees,
 And the little white buttons stood, all in a row,
 Out of their button-holes, gay as you please;
 And all of the strings we found untied,
 While the shoes round her ankles opened wide,
 And Birdie laughed out as she saw them slide
 Away from her toe- and down to the floor,
 And the stockings flew after in one minute more.

Now, little white night-gown, fresh and clean,
 Come out of your closet, — we know where you've
 been, —

Here's somebody ready and waiting for you!
 The robin's sweet song is almost through,
 And mamma has another she never sings
 Except to a birdie with folded wings, —
 Folded away in a crib like this,
 As soft as a mother robin's breast,
 Where my darling waits now for her good-night
 kiss,
 With three pretty dollies to fill up her nest.
 Hush-a-bye, babies, all in a row,
 Your little mamma has so much care!
 I'm afraid she's too busy, so hush-a-bye O! —
 Too busy to think of her evening prayer.

But while I was doubting her childish love,
 Its story began in the shadows dim;
 And He, who was waiting and listening above,
 Sent down the sweet sleep she was asking of Him!
 Selected.

WHAT KEPT BETH?

It was snowing and growing late. Mrs. Bligh always looked on the dark side, and her worst enemy could not have wished her more uncomfortable. She went to the window; she opened the door at the risk of the worst cold of her life. It was too mysterious. If Beth ever played truant, if Beth ever forgot her mother, that mother would not be so anxious. Mrs. Bligh glanced at her seamstress forefinger; she pricked it to the bone that Beth might have her schooling; but never, never again should she carry work home at night. But Beth was not in danger. God cares for those who go on his errands. In passing a lonely house, where a family lived poor enough to esteem Beth's mother rich, she caught the wailing cry of a hungry child, and, looking in, read the pitiful story. Running back to their employer's house, she begged for some bread, and for the warm soup she had seen thrown into a pail the minute before.

With her hood blown back, and obliged to heed her steps for fear of spilling the soup, she carried comfort to her wretched neighbors, and the promise of help on the morrow. And, then, with rosy cheeks, she ran home to her anxious mother, who smiled when she heard what had kept Beth.

E. P. C.

UNSEEN WORTH.

A SINGLE drop of rain fell from the skies:
 None saw it on that day so bright and fair;
 It slid into the ground, and nourished there
 The acorn of an oak to live for centuries.

W. J. Linton.

ONLY A PIN.

AN overseer in a mill found a pin which cost the company fifty pounds.

"Was it stolen?" asked Susie. "I suppose it must have been very handsome. Was it a diamond pin?"

"Oh, no, my dear, not by any means! It was just such a pin as people buy every day, and use without stint. Here is one upon my dress."

"Such a pin as *that* cost fifty pounds!" exclaimed John. "I don't believe it."

"But mamma says it is a true story," interposed Susie.

"Yes, I know it to be true. And this is the way the pin happened to cost so much. You know that calicoes, after they are printed and washed, are dried and smoothed by being passed over heated rollers. Well, by some mischance, a pin dropped so as to lie upon the principal roller, and indeed became wedged into it, the head standing out a little way from the surface.

"Over and over went the roller, and round and round went the cloth, winding at length upon still another roller, until the piece was measured off. Then another piece began to be dried and wound, and so on till a hundred pieces had been counted off. These were not examined immediately, but removed from the machinery and laid aside. When at length they came to be inspected, it was found that there were holes in every piece throughout the web, and only three-quarters of a yard apart. Now, in each piece there were from thirty-five to forty-five yards. Of course, the goods could not be classed as perfect goods; so they were sold as remnants, at less than half the price they would have brought, had it not been for that hidden pin."

Now it seems to me that when a boy takes for his companion a profane swearer, a Sabbath-breaker, or a lad who is untruthful; and a little girl has for her playmate one who is unkind or disobedient, or in any way a wicked child, — they are like the roller which took to its bosom the pin. Without their being able to help it, often the evil influence clings to them, and leaves its mark upon all with whom they come in contact.

That pin damaged irreparably forty hundred yards of new print; but bad company has ruined thousands of souls. Remember, "one sinner destroyeth much good" (Eccles. ix. 18): therefore avoid evil companions.

The Children's Paper.

THE WORM.

TURN, turn thy hasty foot aside,
Nor crush that helpless worm!
The frame thy wayward looks deride
Required a God to form.

The common Lord of all that move,
From whom thy being flowed,
A portion of his boundless love
On that poor worm bestowed.

The sun, the moon, the stars, he made
For all his creatures free;
And spread o'er earth the grassy blade,
For worms as well as thee.

Let them enjoy their little day,
Their humble bias receive;
Oh, do not lightly take away
The life thou canst not give!

T. Gisborne.

A PIOUS man being asked by a friend, during his last illness, whether he thought himself dying, answered, "Really, friend, I care not whether I am or not: for if I die I shall be with God; if I live, He will be with me."



THE OTHER GIRL'S DOLL.

BY LUCRETIA P. HALE.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART I. — *Milly*.

HERE were some fine houses on Adams Street; their back doors were opposite those on Green Street, with a narrow alley between. The Green Street houses were an irregular set, and there were some tumble-down sheds sprinkled in between the two rows of houses; and high trellises to the yards of the Adams Street houses separated them from each other very completely: so that the neighbors knew little of each other. But there was a standing battle between the Green Street and the Adams Street boys, and they met often on their several sheds to fight it out.

Johnny Osborne, of Adams Street, always wondered how it was that Mike Rafferty managed to keep ahead of him in the class, and was such a good scholar, when he lived in such a "rattly" old house; but he never saw him out of school, except, sometimes, when he was flinging snow-balls or hard words at him over the back alley, and lately he had not seen Mike even there. The boys said he spent all his spare time studying.

There were a great many of the Osbornes, and there were more of the Rafferties. If you were at the front doors of the Green Street houses, you would see they were wide open, and swarming with children, — the O'Briens and O'Neils and McDon-

alds. In the little park, in front of the Adams Street houses, there were plenty of children too. Nurses were trundling them round in perambulators, girls were out with their dolls, boys with their hoops, in

the season, in the fine weather; but there was no meeting-place for the two clans of children, unless it occurred now and then in the fights on the back sheds.

There had been an unusually brisk combat one day. It was after a light storm, that had left but little snow, — just right for snow-balling. The Adams Street boys had collected on the Osbornes' shed, and the Green Street boys mounted different heights of roofs and penthouses on the other side of the alley. Snow was beginning to fail, and John Osborne had just exclaimed, "Ammunition is giving out, boys!" when there came a missile that, though it was soft, struck him in the head with a blow so sudden that it almost knocked him down.

"Now that's a little too steep!" he exclaimed; "what are they sending now?"

One of the boys picked up the thing that had been thrown. "It's an old doll," he said; "she's a capital cannon-ball, I'll send her back."

"Wait a minute," said John, stopping him, "the enemy has dodged behind a chimney. We must climb to the end of the trellis. Pile up all the ammunition. Keep the doll till you can whack it back in the feller's face."

There was a moment's pause and preparation; then a grand fire of every thing they could lay their hands on, and soon the contest ceased. The Osborne boys were called in to dinner.

John met his younger sister, a little, delicate, blue-eyed girl, coming out at the door that led from the house upon the shed.

"I have come after my doll," she said. "I left her when I went in; the snow-balls came so fast, I was frightened."

John went back with her to find it; but it was not where Milly had left it. Near

it, however, John picked up the ragged doll that had been flung at him by their enemies.

"I do declare," he exclaimed, "Tom Hazard must have flung over your doll by mistake. Anyhow, I'll pitch this after it. I'll send it down the Rafferty chimney. See if I can't hit it!"

"Oh, don't, don't!" cried Milly, imploringly. "It won't help it; it will only burn up the other girl's doll."

"But it will go after yours," said John, with a tone of vengeance; "and it came near putting my eyes out."

"Let me see her doll," said Milly. "She didn't want to have it go, — I suppose her brothers sent it without asking her, — and it can't bring back mine. You might go and inquire for it of some of the boys."

"Inquire of the boys!" exclaimed John, contemptuously. "How many do you suppose there are? Why, in those houses, there are about four families on each story, and ten children to each family; and the houses are four stories high, and there are at least ten houses. How many children does that make?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said Milly; "fifty-eleven, as Nanny says."

John was proud of his arithmetic. They were called into the house again. As he went in, he explained that four times four was sixteen, making sixteen families, and with ten children to a family there were one hundred and sixty to a house, and with ten houses there must be sixteen hundred children; and half of them boys would make eight hundred boys for him to inquire of. She could not expect him to do that.

Milly felt that she couldn't; and sat silent through dinner-time with the doll in her lap. There was so much talk at the

dinner-table of the older boys, that there was no chance to speak of her trouble. The Osbornes' dinner-table was usually a Babel of talk. There were two brothers older than John, who had skating experiences to tell, and wonderful feats to be proud of. John always listened with wide-open eyes, and full of reverence for the scrapes of his elders.

Out on the shed, he had been one of the big boys, and had ruled it over his clan; but, at the dinner-table, he sank into his littleness, and had no chance for his own stories.

There was the elder brother of all, who tried to talk politics with his father, and to stem the current of the younger children's talk; but he did not get much of a chance.

Henry and Horace — or Harry and Horry, as they were called — did pretty much all the talking, with wonderful tales of what they had done at school, and what they proposed to do, and what the master had said, and what Jim Osgood had answered.

So John, though he would have liked to tell of the battle on the shed, had no opportunity to open his lips about it; and, as to the matter of the doll, as often as he thought of it, he was ashamed to allude to it.

After dinner, when the elder children had gone to school, Mrs. Osborne had time to see that Milly was sitting silent and in trouble. She still held tight hold of the doll, and, when her mother questioned her, succeeded in explaining where it came from.

"Do you think, mamma, that the other girl feels as sorry as I do that her doll is lost? And couldn't we go round and change back our dolls? Or do you suppose there are really eight hundred girls to ask, as John says?"

"I don't suppose there are quite as many," said Mrs. Osborne; "perhaps we might hear of your doll by inquiring. But I don't believe anybody cares much for this one. She does not look like a doll that has been cared for."

It was a dilapidated doll. The back of its head was broken, and its nose was gone, and the few clothes it had were soiled and torn. A bit of woollen plaid, however, was pinned around it carefully.

"I dare say, mamma," said Milly, "some of its worst hurts came when it was flung on the shed, and maybe the little girl does not know where it is, any more than I know about mine; and perhaps it is her only doll,—her only doll!—and you know I have thirteen,—five new ones at Christmas."

Mrs. Osborne saw that Milly was really more sorry for "the other girl" than for the loss of her own doll, and said: "Perhaps Mrs. Logan, when she comes to wash for me, will know something about the girls that live in her neighborhood. And, while we are waiting," she added, "suppose we dress up the doll a little. You shall make her some underclothes, I will cut them out for you, and we will return her nicer than she came."

Milly brightened up at this. She was pleased at the idea of making some new clothes, and of having the old ones washed, though she was a little uncertain about making much change.

Milly's older sister, Maria, was interested in the plan of dressing the doll. She and her friends felt themselves too old to play with dolls; but they were very glad of an excuse that gave them a chance to dress them still. Mrs. Osborne washed out the bit of plaid, and cut out a little dress from it; and the girls formed a sort of "bee" for making a set of clothes, and met every

day to work upon them. Milly had already learned pretty well to sew, only it tired her to keep long upon one piece of work; but these doll's things could be finished soon, and her mother was careful to have her make the stitches small, and she was so interested in her work now, that she gave all the time to it her mother would allow.

One of the girls bought a new head for the doll. Milly was not quite sure about having it put on; the other girl might not know her doll again. "You silly Milly!" Maria said, "we can take her the old head, to show her that it is the old doll still."

Even John went so far as to buy a paste-board box, in the shape of a trunk, with a picture on top and gilding at the side, to put the doll's clothes in. And Jim Hazard made some new wooden feet, because the poor doll hadn't any; and Maria glued them on and painted them.

Indeed, they were all so interested in their work, that they declared an old doll was much better than a new one, with the amusement they had in mending her up. John proposed they should dress a doll for each of the eight hundred girls in Green Street. But this made Milly very sad; she was afraid they never should find *that* girl. John encouraged her: he declared that he had been making observations of the shed that it came from; it was near the chimney where her doll had disappeared. Indeed, as Milly seemed to care so little for her own doll, he ventured to joke over its departure, and imagined it going down the chimney into Rafferty's stew.

"Shall we ever find that little girl?" Milly asked one day of her mother.

"I think we shall," she answered. "Indeed, I mean to try to learn more about my neighbors. I have been too busy to think about them before; but, Milly, I will begin to visit in Green Street, and find out some-

thing about all the people who live behind us; and, in time, I am sure we shall find the owner of the doll. I should like to have John know more of Mike Rafferty and those boys," she went on. "He might make their acquaintance in some other way than by throwing snow-balls at them."

"They treated us worse," John answered, "when they took their sister's doll to fling at us."

"I don't know who begins these fights," said Mrs. Osborne; "but I should think you boys had more reason to understand about politeness than the Green Street boys, and might teach them some lessons in manners."

Meanwhile, the girls finished up the preparations for the doll. A neat little set of under-clothes was placed in the gay trunk. One of the girls fringed out some plaid for a shawl, and another contributed a little shawl-strap; and the doll had a very serviceable gray felt hat, with a little feather in it, and most comfortable-looking clothing. John advised his mother as to the house she had better go to.

"A little way down the street must be the place," he said; "only it is where the children are the thickest. I have walked down there lately, and there are crowds of girls."

Milly was to go with her mother upon her visit to the houses, and carry the doll. John had prepared a grand procession of all the members of the "bee;" but to Milly it all seemed too important for any fun. She would have been very glad to have one of the other girls go with her mother, for the pleasure of giving the doll; but she didn't want any ridicule cast upon the expedition, or any thing done that would make "the other girl" feel bad.

The boys had been somewhat impressed

by Mrs. Osborne's words about their treatment of the Green Street boys.

"Suppose we try making up to Mike Rafferty, some time," said Tom Hazard to John. "When I saw him going down Green Street alone to-day, after that famous recitation, when the rest of us were all knocked up, I felt like running after him, and telling him what we boys thought of it; and, perhaps, we could find out something about the doll affair. It makes me feel a bit ashamed, since I was the one to throw over your sister's doll, when she takes it so."

"I know it," answered John. "If she had made a fuss about her doll, I never would have cared."

"Suppose we go and hunt it up," said Tom, "and make that an excuse for talking to Mike Rafferty. It will be a chance to say a decent word to him."

"But, wherever *did* that doll go to?" John exclaimed.

The next chapter will show.

ST. BRELADE'S CHURCH.

THE church-bell was ringing, its notes rendered irregular by the sea-breeze. Sometimes it carried them quite out of sound; and then suddenly it would bring them back, loud and clear, to mingle themselves with the sound of other church-bells further inland.

To-day every one seemed all alive. A line of people threaded their way along the white road which runs parallel with the bay, all apparently full of animation, and yet, at the same time, full of peace. Aged grandmothers were to be seen, still walking alertly, wearing curious bonnets of old-fashioned shape, which gave to their faces a strangely antique appearance. Young girls had donned new dresses for the occa-

sion; many of them in somewhat doubtful taste, with curiously combined colors, — violet and red, or blue and green. Lads escorted them, wearing high hats that looked as though assumed for the first time, and coats that seemed to sit uneasily upon the backs of their owners; whilst some amongst the crowd seemed almost weighed down by the weight of crape of their deep mourning clothes.

But for them, too, it was Christmas. And, on the Saviour's birthday, surely a special consolation finds its way even into the broken heart, which shall never know earthly joy again.

Little children were to be seen in numbers, skipping by their parent's side along the road: for childhood needs must skip, even on its way to church, and little ones are full of special joy upon a Christmas morn. They had so much still to say about the many delightful surprises they had had that morning. Not one of them but would rejoice when the service in church should be over; for all were longing to return home again, to be at play with the toys which as yet they had scarcely had time to look at. And yet, none of them would have wished to stay away from church on Christmas day, had they been given leave to do so.

Rich or poor, no child but has its little heart gladdened, for at least a day, with Christmas joy; and not one, let us hope, but connects this in some way with the little child born in a manger, who made himself like unto one of them on such a day as this.

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Ever since she had been in Jersey, Micheline had delighted in her Sundays. The church service never seemed long to her; for all its beauties were new, and she

thoroughly appreciated them. She never doubted but that the feelings of her fellow-worshippers were quite as devout as her own, and that one and all of them were joining in the praying and the singing and the listening with equal fervor; and she gazed with the most profound respect on the aged pastor who repeated each word so solemnly, and who could not have many more Christmas days to keep on earth. On the walls of the church were several marble monuments, bearing inscriptions to the memory of former pastors of Saint Brelade, or of different island benefactors. Every thing about the place was old, venerable, imposing. But there is One who sees into the depth of all hearts, and who, looking down into them that day, did not see all there in the same way as Micheline saw.

How many a young girl, far from worshipping in heart and soul, as Micheline worshipped, was whispering to her neighbor, or carefully scrutinizing the toilette of a companion! How many a child was playing behind the pews, brown with age! How many had come there only because it was the correct thing to do! How many were entirely given over to wandering thoughts, — every religious feeling completely banished by the infinity of domestic matters which they had brought with them to the house of God, and with which they were wholly preoccupied! How many a cold, impassive face told of an absent spirit within, although so decent an outward appearance of interest had been assumed! How often, even in these so-called Christian places of worship, are not the divine words brought painfully to our remembrance: "What have I, to do with your sacrifices and your solemn assemblies? I am weary of them."

MICHELINE.

BOOK NOTICES.

FIFTY YEARS WITH THE SABBATH SCHOOLS. By Rev. ASA BULLARD. A.M. Boston: Lockwood, Brooks, & Co. 1876.

The reason for this book's being is a good one: "Although very much has been written in connection with Sabbath schools, very little has been said of their history,—what was their origin in this country, what has been their course, what have they accomplished, what are their resources at the present time." And the book is adapted to its purpose, as it is full of valuable information and fresh suggestion. We commend it especially to parents and Sunday-school teachers. It should be placed in our parish and Sunday-school Libraries. We must indulge ourselves with one pertinent extract from a letter of Rev. Dr. Hawes: "If I may judge from my own limited experience, I would say, that the great secret of conducting Bible classes is in making them interesting. Do this, and all obstacles are removed. There is no difficulty in getting young persons together, if you can only interest them. To effect this, we must be familiar, social; not abstract, not critical, not always serious, solemn, not always driving at the heart and conscience. Choose your time; then strike, and strike hard." E. P. C.

IN THE SKY-GARDEN. By Lizzie W. Champney. Illustrated by J. Wells Champney ("Champ"). Boston: Lockwood, Brooks, & Co. 1877. pp. 211. Price \$2.00.

This is one of the most attractive juvenile books of the season. Every child into whose hands it is put will be delighted with it. The amusing illustrations with which it abounds are worth the price of

the volume; but they are not worth a whit more than the pleasant tales it tells. No one in search of a book for a boy or girl of twelve or more summers should neglect to examine this. While it is designed for children, we confess that we have been greatly interested in it ourselves, although we are sure that we are not in our first childhood, and hope that we are not in our second.

ENDEAVORS AFTER THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Discourses by James Martineau. Reprinted from the sixth English edition. Boston: American Unitarian Association. 1876. pp. 449. Price \$1.00.

Here we have a volume of forty-three sermons by one whom an English correspondent of the "Congregationalist" a few years ago pronounced "the greatest man in the United Kingdom." It is not a volume for children, but older folks will find it worth reading again and again. It is a great book for a small sum; and we advise those who do not own it to buy it. The new copy sent us is more attractive and substantial than our old one—published by a Boston firm nineteen years ago, and sold at about double the price—was in its best days. This goes to show that the Association does not slight the mechanical execution of its works because it affords them at a low rate.

LONG AGO: a Year of Child Life. By Ellis Gray. Illustrated from designs by Susan Hale, Julia P. Dabney, and Ellen Day Hale. Boston: Lockwood, Brooks, & Co., 381 Washington street. 1876. pp. 240. Price \$1.50.

This book may as well be put into our Sunday-school libraries in advance of its approval by the Ladies' Commission, for that approval is sure to come. The "Evening Transcript" says, "It is not too much

to say of it, that it is by far the best child's-book of the season." Possibly this praise is a little extravagant; but we are confident that a better book of its class rarely appears. Its illustrations are excellent.

THE UNITARIAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL SOCIETY has recently published a concert exercise, entitled "The Festival of the Mother." It is a compilation by Rev. R. A. Griffin, of Marlboro', and just the thing to make an attractive service for a Sunday-school. It should be examined by every superintendent.

SHOCKY has given all his spare time to making outcasts feel that God does not forget. For, indeed, God never forgets. But some of those to whom he intrusts his work do forget.

The Hoosier School-Master.

Puzzles.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

A favorite American authoress.

A favorite American author.

1. A rule.
2. An Asiatic river.
3. A river in Russia.
4. An image.
5. A seaport of China.
6. A kind of flower.
7. A collection of curiosities.
8. One of the months.
9. A girl's name.
10. A kind of fish.
11. A musical drama.
12. A message.
13. A city in Africa.

S. P.

E. H.

Louisville, Ky.

A RIDDLE.

God made Adam out of dust,
But thought it best to make me first.
So I was made before the man,
To answer God's most holy plan.

My body he did make complete,
But without arms or legs or feet;
My ways and actions did control,
And I was made without a soul.
A living being I became;
'Twas Adam that gave me my name;
Then from his presence I withdrew, —
No more of Adam ever knew.
I did my Maker's laws obey,
From them I never went astray.
Thousands of miles I run with fear,
But seldom on the earth appear.
But God in me did something see,
And put a living soul in me.
A soul of me my God did claim,
And took from me that soul again;
And, when from me that soul was fled,
I was the same as when just made,
And, without hands or feet or soul,
I travel now from pole to pole.
I labor hard both day and night;
To fallen man I give great light.
Thousands of people, both young and old,
Will by my death great light behold.
No fear of death doth trouble me,
For happiness I cannot see.
To heaven I shall never go,
Nor to the grave, or hell below.
The Scriptures I cannot believe, —
If right or wrong, I can't conceive;
Although therein my name is found,
They are to me an empty sound;
And now, my friend, these lines you read,
And search the Scriptures with all speed;
And, if my name you don't find there,
I'll think it strange, I do declare.

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